VVINE, BEERE, AND ALE, TOGETHER BY THE EARES.

A Dialogue,

Written first in *Dutch* by *Gallobelgicus*, and faithfully translated out of the originall Copie, by *Mercurius Brittannicus*, for the benefite of his Nation.

HORAT. *Siccis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit.*

LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* for *Iohn Grove*, and are to bee sold at his Shop, at *Furnivals* Inne Gate in Holborne. 1629.

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THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

GENTLEMEN; for in your Drinke, you will bee no leſſe, I preſent you with this ſmall Collation: If either *Wine* and *Sugar*, *Beere* and *Nutmeg*, a Cup of *Ale* and a *Toſte*, or all together, may meete your Acceptation, I am glad I had it for you. There is difference betweene them; but your Palat may reconcile all. If any thing diſtaſte you, there is *Water* to waſh your hands of the whole Pamphlet. So hoping you will accept a Pledge of my Seruice, and haue a care of your owne health, I begin to you.

I. Gr.

THE SPEAKERS.

VVINE, *A Gentleman.*

SVGAR, *His Page.*

BEERE, *A Citizen.*

NVTMEG, *His Prentice.*

ALE, *A Countrey-man.*

TOST, *One of his rurall Seruants*

VVATER, *A Parson.*

VVINE,

WINE, BEERE, and ALE, TOGETHER BY THE EARES.

Sugar and Nutmegge from ſeuerall doores meet.

Sugar. Nutmegge?

Nut. Sugar? well met, how chance you waite not vpon your Maiſter, where's Wine now?

Sug. Oh ſometimes without Sugar, all the while he's well if I be in his company, tis but for faſhion ſake, I waite vpon him into a roome now and then, but am not regarded: marrie when he is ill, he makes much of me, who but Sugar? but to my remembrance I haue not beene in his preſence this fortnight, I hope ſhortly he will not know me, though he meete me in his drinke.

Nut. Thou haſt a ſweete life in the meane time Sugar.

Sug. But thou art tied to more attendance Nutmegge vpon your Maiſter Beere.

Nut. Faith no, I am free now and then, though I be his Prentice ſtill, Nutmegge hath more friends to truſt to then Beere: I can bee welcome to Wine thy maſter ſometimes, and to the honeſt Countrey man Ale too. But now I talke of Ale, when didſt ſee his man prethee?

Sug. Who Toſt.

Nut. The ſame.

Sug. I meete him at Tauerne euery day.

Nut.

Nut. When ſhall thou, and he, and I, meet and be merry ouer a Cuppe?

Sug. Ile tell thee Nutmegge, I doe not care much for his company, he's ſuch a chollericke peece, I know not what he's made of, but his quarrelling comes home to him, for hee's euery day cut for it, I maruell how hee ſcapes, this morning he had a knife thruſt into him.

Nut. Indeed he will be very hot ſometimes.

Sug. H t? I, till he looke blacke ith' face agen, beſides, if he take an opinion ther's no turning him, hee'l be burnt firſt. I did but by chance let fall ſome words againſt Ale, and he had like to haue beaten me to powder for it.

Nut. How, beaten Sugar? that would be very fine ifaith; but hee being bread, and thou a loafe, you ſhould not differ ſo. Stand, looke where he is.

Enter Toſt drunke.

Sug. Then Ile be gone for we ſhall quarrell.

Nut. Come, feare not, Ile part you, but he's drunke, ready to fall; whence comes hee dropping in now. How now Toſt.

Toſt. Nutmeg? round and ſound and all of a colour, art thou there?

Nut. Heere's all thats left of me.

Toſt. Nutmeg, I loue thee Nutmeg. Whats that a Ghoſt?

Nut. No, tis your old acquaintance Sugar.

Toſt. Sugar: Ile beat him to peeces.

Sug. Hold, hold. Nutmegge.

Nutmeg and Sugar hang vpon Toſt.

Toſt. Cannot Toſt ſtand without holding?

Nut. Where haue you beene Toſt?

Toſt. Ile tell thee, I haue bin with my M. Ale. Sirra, I was very drie, and he has made me drunke: doe I not crumble? I ſhall fall a pieces; but Ile beate Sugar for all that: I doe not weigh him, hee is a poore Rogue, I haue knowne him ſolde for two pence, when hee was young, wrapt in ſwadling clouts of Paper. I know his breeding, a Drawer brought him vp, and now hee's growne ſo lumpiſh.

Sug.

Sug. Y'are a rude Toſt.

Toſt. Rude? Let me but cruſh him: Rude? Sirra, tis well known you came from Barbary your ſelfe, & becauſe of ſome few Pounds in a Cheſt, you thinke to domineere ouer Toſt: y'are a little handſome, I confeſſe, and Wenches licke their lips after you; but for all that, would I might ſinke to the bottome, if I doe not ——: I will giue Sugar but one box.

Nut. Come, come, you ſhall not.

Sug. Prethee Nutmeg, take out Toſt a little, to morrow weele meet and be drunke together.

Exit Nutmeg with Toſt.

So, ſo, I am glad hee's gone: I doe not loue this Toſts companie, yet ſome occaſion or other, puts me ſtill vpon him. Ha, who's this?

Enter Wine, drinking Tobacco.

Tis Wine my Maſter. What ſmoking? Wine and Tobacco, I thinke, are neuer aſunder: but tis no maruell they agree ſo well, they come both out of a Pipe.

Wine. Sugar, you are a ſweet youth, you wayt well.

Sug. A friend of mine call'd me forth, to cure a cut finger.

Wine. Youle turne Surgeon, or Phyſician ſhortly.

Sug. But your diſeaſes need none: for inflamations, which are dangerous to others, makes you more acceptable, nor doe you bluſh to haue it reported ſir, how often you haue beene burnt.

Wine. So ſir, now you put me in minde on't, I heare ſay you runne a wenching, and keepe womens company too much.

Sug. Alas ſir, like will to like, Sugar being of his owne nature ſweete, has reaſon to make much of women, which are the ſweeteſt creatures.

Wine. But ſome of them are ſower enough.

Sug. I ſir, Widdowes at fifteene, and Maides at twentie fiue; but I keepe them company, for no other thing, then to conuert them, ſome of them could eu'n eate me, but for feare of ſpoiling their teeth.

Wine. Indeed one of your ſweet-hearts complained t'other day you made her teeth rotten.

Sug. Alas sir, twas none of my fault, she bit me first, and I could doe no lesse, then punish her sweet tooth.

Wine. Well sirra, I say, take heed of women.

Sug. Nay sir, if I may credit my owne experience they are the best friends I haue, for I am alwaies in their mouthes. If I come to a banquet, as none are made without me, in what fashion soeuer I appeare, euery woman bestowes a handkercher vpon mee, and striue to carry me away in their cleanest linnen: nay, but for shame, to betray their affections to mee, they would bring whole sheets for me to lie in.

Wine. Why sure thou wert wrapt in thy mothers smocke.

Sug. I thinke if the Midwife were put to her oath, I was wrapt in hers, oth Christning day.

Wine. Well sirra, enough of this discourse, you are for the woemen, but wee men haue a better companion, and indeed bitter, as thou art sweet, that's this Tobacco.

Sug. I sir, but I could neuer arriue at the vnderstanding, why euery man should so affect it.

Wine. There's thy ignorance, tis an excellent discourser, and a helpe for the imperfections of nature.

Sug. As how, pray sir?

Wine. Why, when a man hath not the wit to deliuer his meaning in good words, this being taken, dus presently helpe him to spit it out Gentleman-like.

Sug. Indeed the best part of our common complement is but smoake, and now I know how Gentlemen come by it, but me thinkes for all that, it takes from the honour of a Gentleman, to bee a common Piper, and if the premises bee well considered, wee may conclude, they are no more men that vse it.

Wine. How? not men? why?

Sug. Because it makes em children againe, for I am sure they that vse it most, doe but sucke all the day long, and they are little better then children then. But see sir, here's Master Beere.

Enter Beere.

Wine. How, Beere? we are not very good friends, no matter, I scorne to auoid him.

Beere. Beere-leaue ſir. *Iuſtles Wine.*

Wine. So me thinkes? how now Beere, running atilt, doſt not know me?

Beere. I doe meane to haue the wall on you.

Wine. The wall of me, you would haue your head and the wall knockt together, learne better manners, or I may chance to broach you.

Beere. Broach me, alas poore Wine, tis not your *Fieri-facias* can make Beere afraid, thy betters know the ſtrength of Beere. I doe not feare your high colour ſir.

Sug. So, ſo, here will be ſome ſcuffling.

Wine. You'le leaue your impudence, and learne to know your ſuperiours Beere, or I may chance to haue you ſtopt vp, what neuer leaue working? I am none of your fellowes.

Beere. I ſcorne thou ſhouldſt.

Wine. I am a companion for Princes, the leaſt droppe of my blood, worth all thy body. I am ſent for by the Citizens, viſited by the Gallants, kiſt by the Gentlewomen: I am their life, their Genius, the Poeticall furie, the Helicon of the Muſes, of better value then Beere; I ſhould be ſorry elſe.

Beer. Thou art ſorie Wine indeed ſometimes: Value? you are come vp of late, men pay deere for your company, and repent it: that giues you not the precedencie; though Beere ſet not ſo great a price vpon himſelfe, hee meanes not to bate a graine of his worth, nor ſubſcribe to Wine for all his braueries.

Wine. Not to mee?

Beer. Not to you: why, whence come you pray?

Wine. From France, from Spaine, from Greece.

Beere. Thou art a mad Greeke indeed.

Wine. Where thou muſt neuer hope to come: who dares denie that I haue beene a trauailer?

Beere. A trauailer? in a tumbrell, a little Beere will go farther: why Wine, art not thou kept vnder locke and key, confinde to ſome corner of a Cellar, and there indeed commonly cloſe priſoner, vnleſſe the Iaylor or Yeoman of the Bottles turne the Key for the chamber-maid now and then, for which

ſhee vowes not to leaue him, till the laſt gaſpe, where Beere goes abroad, and randeuous in euery place.

Win. Thou in euery place? away hop of my thumbe: Beere, I am aſham'd of thee.

Beer. Be aſham'd of thy ſelfe, and bluſh Wine thou art no better. Beere ſhall haue commendations for his mildneſſe and vertue, when thou art ſpit out of mens mouthes, & diſtaſted: thou art an hypocrite, Wine, art all white ſometimes, but more changeable then *Proteus*: thou wouldſt take vpon thee to comfort the blood, but haſt beene the cauſe that too many noble veines haue beene emptied: thy vertue is to betray ſecrets, the very preparatiue to a thouſand rapes and murders, and yet thou dareſt ſtand vpon thy credit, and preferre thy ſelfe to Beere, that is as cleare as day.

Sug. Well ſaid Beere, hee beares vp ſtiffe like a Conſtable. Now will I play my part with 'em both. Sir, *To Wine* This is intollerable.

Wine. The veſſell of your wit leakes, Beere: why thou art drunke.

Beere. So art thou Wine, euery day i'th weeke, and art faine to be carried foorth of doores.

Sug. How ſir? *To Wine.*

Win. I ſcorne thy words, thou art baſe Beere: Wine is well borne, has good breeding, and bringing vp; thou deſerueſt to be carted, Beere.

Sug. Suffer this, and ſuffer all, to him againe.

Beere. Carted? thou wouldſt be carted thy ſelfe, rackt and drawne for thy baſeneſſe, Wine. Welborne? Did not euery man call you Baſtard tother day? borne? there's no man able to beare thee much: and for breeding, I know none thou haſt, vnleſſe it bee Diſeaſes.

Sug. How, diſeaſes? you haue beene held alwayes to bee wholeſome Wine, ſir.

Wine. Sirra, if I take you in hand, I ſhall make you ſmall Beere.

Beere. Take heed I doe not make Vineger of you firſt.

Sug. Doe, doe, make him piſſe it, in my opinion ſir, it were not for your honor to run away: yet Beere being a common quarreler,

quarreler, I feare may prooue too hard for you.

Wine. Too hard for me? away Boy, Ile be as hard as he for his heart: alas, hee's but weake Beere, if I giue him but a tap, it shall stay him from running out thus.

Sug. So, so, they are high enough, fall too, and welcome.

Enter Ale.

Who's this? Ale? Oh for a three-mans-Song: this Ale is a stout fellow, it shall go hard, but Sugar which makes all sweet sometimes, shall set him in his part of Discord.

Wine. Come, come, Beere, you forget how low you were tother day: prouoke mee not too much, lest I bestow a firkin on you.

Beere. Strike and thou dar'st Wine, I shall make thee answer as quicke as the obiection, and giue you a dash.

Ale. Vmh: what's this? it seemes theres great difference betweene Wine and Beere. Sugar, what's the matter?

Sug. Oh goodman *Ale*, I am glad you'r come, heere's nothing but contention: I haue gone betwixt 'em twice or thrice, but I feare, one or both will be spilt.

Ale. What doe they contend about?

Sug. For that, which for ought I can apprehend, belongs as much to you, as to either of them.

Ale. Hah? to mee? what's that?

Sug. Ale, by iudicious men hath been held no despicable drinke, for my owne part, tis nothing to me: you are all one to Sugar, whosoeuer be King, Sugar can be a subiect, but yet, twere fit, Ale had his measure.

Ale. Are they so proud?

Sug. They mind not you, as if you were too vnworthy a a Competitor. See, tis come to a challenge.

Wine throwes downe his gloue, which Beere takes vp.

Pray take no knowledge that I discouered any thing of their Ambition; Sugar shall euer bee found true to Ale, else would I might neuer be more drunke in your company.

Ale. No matter for protestation.

Sug. So, so, now I haue warmed Ale pretty well, Ile leaue 'em: if Wine, Beere, and Ale agree together, would Sugar might neuer bee drunke but with Water, nor neuer helpe to

preſerue any thing but old women, & elder brothers. *Exit.*

Wine. Remember the place, and weapon.

Ale. Stay, ſtay, come together agen, why how now, what fight, and kill one another?

Wine. Alas poore Beere, I account him dead already.

Beere. No ſir, you may find Beere quick enough, to pierce your Hogſhead. I ſhall remember.

Ale. But ith meane time you both forget your ſelues: dee heare? Ale is a friend to you both, let me know your differéce.

Beere. He has diſgrac'd mee.

Wine. Thou haſt diſgrac'd thy ſelfe in thy compariſons. Wine muſt be acknowledged the Nectar of all drinkes, the prince of Liquors.

Beere. To waſh Bootes.

Ale. Harke you, are you both mad? who hath heat you, that you run ouer, doe you contend for that in iuſtice belongs to another. I tell you Wine and Beere, I do not relliſh you. Ile tell you a tale: Two ſpruce hot-ſpurre fiery gallants meeting ith ſtreets, iuſtled for the wall, drew, would ha been fighting: there ſteps me forth a corrector of ſoles, an vnderlaid cobler, and cries out, Hold, hold your hands Gentlemen, are you ſo ſimple to fight for the wall? why the wall's my Landlords. Haue you but ſo much wit as to apply this, you ſhall neuer need fence for the matter. Superioritie is mine, Ale is the prince of liquors, and you are both my ſubiects.

Both. Wee thy Subiects.

Wine. O baſe Ale!

Beere. O muddy Ale!

Ale. Leaue your railing, and attend my reaſons, I claime your duties to mee, for many prerogatiues: my antiquitie, my riches, my learning, my ſtrength, my grauitie.

Wine. Antiquitie? your firſt reaſon's a very ſmall one.

Ale. Dare any of you deny my antiquitie? I ſay.

Wine. We muſt beare with him, tis in his Ale.

Ale. It onely pleades for me: who hath not heard of the old Ale of England.

Beere. Old Ale: ho there, tis growne to a Prouerbe.

Iohnes Ale's new.

Ale. Theſe are trifles, and conuince me not.

Wine. If wee ſhould grant your argument, you would gaine little by't, goe together, I doe allow you both a couple of ſtale companions.

Beere. Wine, you're very harſh.

Ale. Let him, my ſecond prerogatiue is my riches and poſſeſſions; for who knowes not how many houſes I haue: Wine and Beere are faine to take vp a corner, your ambition goes no further then a Seller, where the whole houſe where I am is mine, goes onely by my name, is cald an Alehouſe; but when is either heard, the Wine-houſe, or the Beere-houſe, you caunot paſſe a ſtreete: wherein I haue not houſes of mine owne, beſides many that goe by other mens names.

Beere. I confeſſe you haue here and there an Alehouſe, but whoſe are all the reſt? hath not Beere as much title to them?

Wine. And yet I haue not heard that either of you both haue fin'd for Alderman, though I confeſſe ſomething has bin attempted out of nicke and froth. Be rul'd by me, Beere and Ale, & aſpire no higher then the Common-Councell-houſes? Oh impudence, that either of you ſhould talke of houſes, when ſometimes you are both glad of a tub: dee heare Ale? doe not you know the man that did the Bottle bring?

Ale. Thou art glad of a Bottle thy ſelfe, Wine, ſometimes, and ſo is Beere too, for all he froths now.

Beere. So, ſo.

Ale. My third Prerogatiue, is my Learning.

Wine. Learning? If you haue the Liberall Sciences, pray be free, and lets heare ſome.

Ale. For that, though I could giue you demonſtration, for breuities ſake I remit you to my bookes.

Beere. Bookes? printed *Cum priuilegio* no doubt on't, and ſold for the Company of Stationers: what are the names?

Ale. Admire me, but when I name learned, though not the great *Alexander Ale*, and *Toſt-atus* the Ieſuite.

Wine. O learned Ale, you ſcorne to make Indentures any more, but you might as well haue concluded this without booke.

Beere.

Beere. Why, you will ſhortly be Towne-Clerke, the Citie Chronicler is too meane a place for you.

Ale. Now for my ſtrength and invincibilitie.

Beere. But heere let mee interrupt you, talke no more of ſtrength, none but Beere deſerues to bee call'd ſtrong, no pen is able to ſet downe my victories. I? why, I haue been the deſtruction.—

Wine. Of Troy, haſt not? heere your owne mouthes condemne you: if killing be your conqueſt, euery Quackſaluing knaue may haue the credit of a rare Phiſician, that ſends more to the Church and Churchyard, then diſeaſes doe: I Wine, comfort and preſerue, let that be my Character. I am coſen German to the blood, not ſo like in my appearance as I am in nature, I repaire the debilities of age, and reuiue the refrigerated ſpirits, exhilarate the heart, and ſteele the brow with confidence. For you both the Poet hath drawne your memoriall in one,

——*nil ſpiſſius illa*
Dum bibitur, nil clarius eſt dum mingitur, vnde
Conſtat quod multas fæces in corpore linquat.

Nothing goes in ſo thicke,
Nothing comes out ſo thinne:
It muſt needs follow then,
Your dregs are left within.

And ſo I leaue you *Stygie monſtrum conforme paludi*, a monſtrous drinke, like the riuer Styx.

Ale. Nay but hearke, tis not your Latine muſt carry it away, I will not looſe a drop of my reputation, and by your fauour, if you ſtand ſo much vpon your preſeruing, Ile put you to your Latine agen, and prooue my ſelfe ſuperiour, for Ale as if it were the life of mankind, hath a peculiar name and denomination, being cald Ale from *Alo*, which euery Schoole boy can tell, ſignifies to feed and nouriſh, which neither Wine nor Beere can ſhew for themſelues, and for my ſtrength and honour in the wartes, know that Ale is a Knight of Malta, and dares fight with any man beares a head, tis more ſafe to beleeue what a Souldier I am, then trie what I can doe.

Beere. If you looke thus ilfauouredly Ale, you may fright

men

men well enough, and be held terrible by weake ſtomacks, but if you call to mind the puiſſance and valour of Beere, invincible Beere, tumble downe Beere, you muſt ſing a Pallinode. I? why I haue ouerthrowne armies, how eaſie is it for mee to take a citie, when I can tame Conſtables, which in their preſence are formidable at midnight, in the midſt of their rugged Bill-men, make 'em all reſigne their weapons, and ſend 'em away to ſleepe vpon their charge.

Wine. How? vpon their owne charge? take the Conſtable committing that fault, and hee'l neuer bee good in his office after it.

Beere. Now for my vertue in preſeruing and nouriſhing the body wherein you both ſo glory, you are not to compare with mee, ſince thouſands euery day come to receiue their healths from me.

Wine. Kings and Princes from me, and like them I am ſerued in plate.

Ale. But thou art come downe of late to a glaſſe, Wine, and that's the reaſon I thinke, ſo many Vintners haue broake: now obſerue my laſt Reaſon.

Beere. Yes, pray where lies your grauitie?

Ale. Not in my Beard, I ſpeake without mentall reſeruation, Ile tell you, and you ſhall confeſſe it: the Wiſe men of ancient time were called Sages, and to this day it ſignifies iudgment, diſcretion, grauitie; for by what other would you excite to good manners more aptly, then to wiſh a young man to bee ſage, that is graue: and with what title can you better ſalute him that is, graue, or more honour him, then to call him one of the Sages. Now this appellation neither of you can challenge, yet euery man giueth mee the attribute; for who knowes not I am called Sage Ale.

Wi. One may gueſſe what brains he caries by the Sage now.

Ale. And thus hauing giuen you ſufficient reaſons for your acknowledgement of my principalitie, let your knees witneſſe your obedience to your King, and I will grace you both by making you Squires of my body, right honorable Ale-Squires.

Wine. This is beyond ſuffering: was euer Wine ſo vnder-

 valued?

valued? Barbarous detractors, whose beginning came from a dunghill, I defie you. *Bacchus*, looke downe, and see me vindicate thine honour, I scorne to procrastinate in this, and this minute you shall giue account of your insolencies: my spirits high, I am enemy to both.

Ale. Is Wine drawn? then haue at you, Ile make good Ale.

Beere. I stand for the honor of Beere, were you an army.

As they offer to fight, Water comes running in.

Water. Hold, hold, hold.

Wine. How now? what comes Water running hither for?

Wat. Let my feare ebbe a little.

Beere. What tide brought you hither, Water?

Water. The pure streame of my affection: oh how I am troubled! I am not yet recouered.

Ale. So me thinkes you looke very thine vpon't Water: but why doe we not fight?

Water. Doe not talke of fighting, is it not time that Water should come to quench the fire of such contention. I tell you, the care of your preseruation made me breake my banks to come to you, that you might see the ouerflowing loue I beare you: your quarrell hath ecchoed vnto me; I know your ambition for superioritie: you are all my kinsmen, neere allyed to Water, and though I say it, sometimes not a little beholding to Water, euen for your very makings. Will you referre your selues to mee, and wade no further in these discontentments, I will vndertake your reconcilement and qualification.

Wine. To thee, Water? wilt thou take vpon thee to correct our irregularitie? Thou often goest beyond thy bounds thy selfe. But if they consent, I shall.

Beere. I am content.

Ale. And I.

Water. Then without further circumlocution or insinuation, Water runnes to the matter: you shall no more contend for excellencie, for Water shall allow each of you a singularitie. First, you Wine, shall bee in most request among Courtiers, Gallants, Gentlemen, and Poeticall wits, *Qui melioris luti homines*, being of a refined mould, shall choose as a more

nimble

nimble and actiue watering, to make their braines fruitfull, *Fecundi calices quem non?* but so as not confin'd to them, nor limitting them to you, more then to exhilerate their spirits, and acuate their inuentions.

You Beere, shall bee in most grace with the Citizens, as being a more stayed Liquor, fit for them that purpose retirement and grauitie, that with the Snaile carries the cares of a house and family with them, tyed to the attendance of an illiberall profession, that neither trot nor amble, but haue a sure pase of their owne, *Bos lassus fortius figit pedem*, The black Oxe has trod vpon their foot: yet I bound you not with the Citie, though it bee the common entertainement, you may bee in credit with Gentlemens Sellars, and carry reputation before you from March to Christmas —tide I should say; that Water should forget his Tide.

Yow Ale I remit to the Countrie, as more fit to liue where you were bred: your credit shall not be inferiour, for people of all sorts shall desire your acquaintance, specially in the morning, though you may be allowed all the day after: the Parson shall account you one of his best Parishioners, & the Churchwardens shall pay for your companie, and drawing their Bills all the yeere long, you shall bee loued and maintained at the Parish charge till you bee olde, bee allowed a *Robin-hood*, or Mother *Red-cap*, to hang at your doore, to beckon in Customers: and if you come into the Citie, you may bee drunke with pleasure, but neuer come into the fashion. At all times you shall haue respect, but ith Winter Mornings without comparison. How doe you like my censure now?

Ale. Water has a deepe indgement.

Wat. And yet the world sayes sometimes Water is shallow: nay, Ile see you shake hands, and tie a new knot of friendship.

Ale. We are henceforth brothers.

Wine. Stay, who's heere?

Enter Tost, Sugar, and Nutmeg: Tost whetting a knife on his shoo.

Tost. I tell thee, Sugar, I am now friends with thee. But if it bee as you say ——

Wat. What's the matter?

Ale. Let's obſerue him a little, Toſt is angry.

Nut. What need you be ſo hote, Toſt?

Toſt. Hote? tis no matter, Sugar: you will iuſtifie that Wine and Beere offered this wrong vnto Ale.

Sug. I know not whoſe pride began; but I was ſorry to ſee Wine, Beere, and Ale at ſuch odds.

Toſt. Ods quotha? I do meane to be euen with ſome body.

Nut. An euen Toſt ſhewes well.

Toſt. They ſhall find that Ale has thoſe about him that are not altogether dowe.

Sug. Thou haſt been baked, Ile ſweare.

Nut. And new come out of the Ouen too, I thinke: for he is very fierie.

Toſt. Ale muſt not bee put downe ſo long as Toſt has a crum of life left. Beere too?

Nut. What doe you meane to doe with your knife, Toſt? that will ſcarce cut Beere and 'twere butterd.

Toſt. Come not neere me, Nutmeg, leſt I grate you, and ſliſe you. Nutmeg, doe you marke?

Wine. Let's in, and make 'em friends. How now Toſt?

Toſt. Tis all one for that: Oh, are you there? pray tell me which of 'em iſt?

Ale. Is what?

Nut. Why they are friends: what did you meane, Sugar, to make Toſt burne thus?

Ale. No ſuch matter.

Toſt. You will not tell mee then. Harke you Beere, March-Beere, this way a little.

Beere. What doſt meane to doe with thy knife.

Toſt. I muſt ſtirre you a little Beere: what colour had you to quarrell with my Maſter.

Beer. Ale. VVe are ſworne brothers.

Ale. We were at difference, and Wine too: but —

Toſt. Wine too But, but me no buts, I care not a ſtrawe for his buts; dee heare ſir, doe you long to be Graues Wine.

Wine. VVe are all friends.

Water. I, I, all friends on my word, Toſt.

Toſt. Fire and water are not to bee truſted, away new

Riuer

Riuer, away, I waſh my hands on thee.

Ale. Come hither againe, Toſt.

Toſt. Ouer head and eares in Ale.

Wine. How comes this about, Sugar.

Sug. The trueth is, ſir, I told him of ſome difference betweene you, for he and I had been fallen out, and I had no other ſecuritie to put in for my ſelfe, then to put him vpon ſome body elſe.

Nut. Nutmeg durſt ſcarce ſpeake to him, hee was ready to put me in his pocket.

Toſt. I am coole agen: I may beleeue you are friends; then I am content to put vp. *Puts vp his knife.*
Sugar and Nutmeg, come, we be three.

Sug. Let's be all one rather: and from henceforth ſince they are ſo well accorded, let's make no difference of our Maſters, but belong to 'em in common: for my part, though I wait vpon Wine, it ſhall not exempt my attendance on Beere, or Ale, if they pleaſe to command Sugar.

Toſt. A match, I am for any thing but Water.

Nut. And I.

Sug. But my ſeruice ſhall be ready for him to, Water and Sugar I hope, may be drunke together now and then, and not bee brought within compaſſe of the Statute, to bee put ith ſtockes for't.

Wat. Godamercy Sugar with all my heart, I ſhall loue thy company, for I am ſolitary, and thou wilt make mee pleaſant. Stay. *Muſicke.*
Harke Muſicke? Oh ſome friends of mine, I know 'em, they often come vpon the Water: let's entertaine the ayre a little, neuer a voice among you?

THE SONG.

Wine. *I iouiall Wine exhilarate the heart.*
Beere. *March Beere is drinke for a King.*
Ale. *But Ale, bonny Ale, with Spice and a Toſt,*
In the morning's a daintie thing.
Chorus. *Then let vs be merry, waſh ſorrow away,*
Wine, Beere, and Ale ſhall be drunke to day.

Wine. *I generous Wine, am for the Court.*
Beere. *The Citie calles for Beere.*
Ale. *But Ale, bonny Ale, like a Lord of the Soyle,*
In the Countrey ſhall domineere.
Chorus. *Then let vs be merry, waſh ſorrow away,*
Wine, Beere, and Ale ſhall be drunke to day.

Water. Why, now could I daunce for ioy.

Ale. Now you talke of dancing, Wine, tis one of your qualities, let's pay the Muſicians all together: wee haue often made other men haue light heads and heeles, there's no hurt a little in tripping for our ſelues, what ſay you?

Beere. Strike vp Piper.

Wine. Luſtily, make a merry day on't; nay, leaue out none, at Dancing and Foot-ball, all fellowes.

A Daunce, wherein the ſeuerall Natures of them all is figured and repreſented.

FINIS.